

The Wall^{© Xen}

During career working as a night-mouse for a company that consumed over three decades of my life, each workday I walked past a large, brick wall entering and exiting the reservation. It was old; maybe 50-60 years since built and very solid of skilled, hand made construction, created bit-by-bit with human labor. A living existence about it, like a soft-sigh saying something, defied my understanding and senses. Sometimes, that presence would stop me with a wind-whisper that beckoned – *listen*. Curiously, I marveled the wall, and wondered about the original creators whose lives built it – then when complete, questioned where destiny led each one. Perchance, the soft murmur was a ghost or ghosts who occupied their creation? A stone testament of spirits who gently beckoned the living – ‘*to appreciate our legacy – just listen.*’ I did not understand; nevertheless, as a passerby of that wall for decades, when close to it I continued sensing that ‘*something*’ more was there while learning nothing. Returning after a two – week sabbatical, I was shocked to find no familiar wall greeting me; only rubble remained where it once proudly stood. Big machines were clearing away remnants for new development – advancing progress, you know. Spoken whispers floating above the din clearly greeted me by saying: ‘*everything changes.*’ I stopped short in disbelief, standing frozen for what seemed centuries watching big machines laboriously, tirelessly and noisily – erase time. For a moment, I grieved heartfelt loss of an old friend and its familiar offers of ‘hello’ and ‘good day.’ Out of that deafening silence, I finally learned the wall’s ever-present and hushed import as its departing soul said, ‘***Goodbye, my friend – nothing lasts***’ after which it spoke nevermore.